Bombay Gazette.

Wednesday, August 6, 1817.

28. Volume) (Number 1418.

FIRST

French Government LOTTERY, *for 1817.*

MESSR. FORBES & Co, have received for sale, a few Tickets in the Second Class of the above Lottery which may be had at Rupees 48 each until the 20th instant, on application at their office.

Bombay 6th August, 1817.

PRIZES IN THE SECOND CLASS.

1 Prize of	Rupess	10,000
1 Ditto "	"	5,000
1 Ditto "	"	3,000
1 Ditto "	"	1,500
3 Ditto " . . 500 . . .	"	1,500
13 Ditto " . . 250 . . .	"	3,250
780 Ditto " . . 50½ . . .	"	40,950

Premium allotted to the last drawn Ticket in this Class Rupess 450.

Advertisement.

MESSRS. REMINGTON, CRAWFORD & Co. *have the pleasure to announce the admission of Mr.* MATTHEW THEODOSIUS DENNIS DEVITRE *and Mr.* MANSFIELD FORBES, *as Partners in their Establishment from this date.*

Bombay,—1st August, 1817

LOST

A few days ago, a DOG of middling size, breed between a Pointer & a Terrier, smooth hair, tan coloured, and has part of his left ear torn off. Whoever will bring him to the *Gazette Office* shall receive a reward of four Gold Mohurs.

Bombay, 6th August, 1817.

CHOICE -

MADEIRA, LISBON,

AND

CALCAVELLA WINE,

OF SUPERIOR QUALITY,

AND OLD AGE,

TO BE GOT

in the

GODOWNS

OF

Sir Roger D' Faria.

Madeira, ...	at 600	Rs. pipe.
Lisbon, ...	at 350	ditto.
Calcavella, ...	at 400	ditto.

ALSO

The above Wines in bottles may be got in 6 dozen chests.

Madeira, ...	at 20	Rs. dozen
Lisbon, ...	at 16	ditto.
Calcavella, ...	at 18	ditto.
Port of high flavour. ..	at 17	ditto.

Bombay 30th July 1817.

Freight

FOR

MADRAS AND CALCUTTA

TO THE

GOOD SHIP

SUNBURY

Captain Tosh

WILL SAIL

On or about the 15th Instant,

FOR PARTICULARS, APPLY TO

Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy

or

Capt. Tosh.

Bombay, 6th August, 1817

Advertisement.

TO BE SOLD

for ready money

The following new Books.

Armata, a fragment - - - - -	10 Rs.
Quarterly Review, 31st No. of -	7 Do.
The Monthly Review for January February and March - - -	3 Do. each No.
Critical Review for the same months	Do. Do.

Inquire of RAGOBA DAMULJEE, Sheriff's Purvoe.

Bombay, 6th August, 1817.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE and NAVAL REPORT.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVED.—July 30th, Ship Futtaysalamut, Nacqudah Adamjee Aboobucker, from Mocha.

Ditto 31st, Ship Sunbury, Captain John Tosh, from Bengal.

SAILED.—30th, Ship Lord Cathcart, Free Trader, Captain A. Ross, to London.

Ditto, French Ship Sophia, Commander G. Collin De Boishamon, to St. Malo in France.

Ditto August 4th, His Majesty's Ship Towey, William Hill Esq. Captain, to Trincomalie.

Poetry.

BARON DE BERGAMO.

Does any one amongst ye know
The mighty man of Bergamo ?
Can any one describe the line
Of this great Knight of Caroline ?

Some say the hero late has been
The *courier* of a King or Queen,
And, that his only pride and boast
Was riding for the ladies *post.*

Others make Harlequin his part,
Hero of pantomimic art.
Whom next they'll make a Columbine,
Twould not be easy to divine.

The Gazette.

WEDNESDAY, 6th AUGUST, 1817.

We have received, during the week, various English journals, but none of them are of later date than those from which we gave different extracts in our last.

It is with concern we perceive that Mr. Tierney is stated to be in a very precarious state of health. The symptoms, it is said, are those of decline or consumption. In matters of finance his loss will be very severely felt.

The report, which has been so often in circulation, of an intended dissolution of Parliament, seems to have been again revived in the latter end of March.

There was, according to late accounts from America, a rumour that the two Floridas had been ceded to the United States by Spain in conformity to a new Treaty.

Most sincerely do we trust that Ministers will follow the advice of Mr. Brougham relative to South America. There seems, however, to be, on the part of many, considerable distrust on this head, which we are sorry to observe;—since we cannot but think, that England will gain more by remaining strictly neutral between Ferdinand and the Independents, than by listening or acceding to any importunities, however urgent, of the Spanish King. No bargain Ministers can drive with the Court of Madrid can equal the advantages which we are now deriving from the present order of things. Upon this subject we are indebted to the Editor of the Morning Chronicle for some sensible observations.

We are desirous of calling the particular attention of our readers to the intercepted dispatch from the Royalist Spanish General Morillo to the War Minister at Madrid.

It is stated in the Observer that Mr. Croker, of the Admiralty, has laid down his carriage.

We have extracted from the last number of Cobbett's Political Pamphlet all the passages which relate to that writer's departure from England.

A singular production has lately been published in London. It is entitled "*Manuscrit de St. Helene.*"—By many it is said to be written by Napoleon, while others attribute it to some person connected with Madame de Stael. An extract from it will be found in our subsequent columns.

The suggestion offered by an ingenious correspondent, in one of the Calcutta Papers, and which appears to have found its way into all the other prints of India, having for its object the laudable & national purpose of increasing the use, among the Natives of India, of *Broad Cloth,* is not an original idea. We recollect seeing a plan, and the immense pecuniary benefit which the Mother Country would derive from its adoption, calculated, during the period when the question of opening the trade and encouraging the consumption of articles, the growth and manufacture of the United Kingdom, was discussed. The advantages of the plan were very curiously illustrated by a print annexed to it. The Ryots of India were exhibited at their occupations, clothed in Jackets, Leather Breeches & Shoes, waving their Beaver Hats with cheers of "Trial by Jury and John Bull for ever." The fair sex of India, still fair, though swarthy, were also aiding in the great national object of consuming the manufactures of Great Britain. One "with a yard of feather and an inch of "waste" was at her Piano Forte warbling soft notes of love, and a Hormasjee Bomanjee, or a Tricumdass Narundass, gallantly joining in a duet, clothed in broad Cloth, Nankeen Breeches, Stockings, Shoes & Buckles, with his Chapeau de bras under his arm, the perfect prototype of a Bond Street beau! Another Beebee, dressed a la Francoise, was waltzing with a respectable native Gentleman, and there was a set of Natives in the tip of the fashion, the females little encumbered with dress, quadrilling! Beer, a liquor composed of innocent ingredients, Malt and Hops, to which the strictest Hindoo cannot, therefore, advance a valid objection, assuaged their thirst, and "give me a glass of that!" was vociferated from European, Hindoo, Parsee & Mahomedan lungs! We have already witnessed at an entertainment some years ago at this Presidency, a Native of the Purvoe Cast, appearing equipped in the character of a member of the late "Bobbery Hunt Club" tallyhoing it, & marking the twistings & turnings of the chase with wonderful exactness. We therefore need not despair at seing all our commercial speculations ultimately realized. The consumption of the produce & manufactures of the United Kingdom, among sixty millions of our subjects in the East, opens a field over which a patriot may range with the most ardent expectations of benefitting his country. It would augment its revenues probably to as many Millions of pounds sterling, and is worthy of every encouragement.

English Extracts.

A Paris paper says, that the Princess of Wales is shortly expected at Vienna. Her Royal Highness stays there a few days, and then proceeds to Odessa in one of the southern provinces of Russia, and after that to Constantinople.

Whilst the Princess of Wales is thus indulging in eccentricity, and courting notoriety, *s'affichant partout,* as the French would call it, her amiable daughter is a model of dignified retirement, decent reserve, domestic virtue, and unassuming greatness. The order of her household, the punctuality of her payments, her patriotism and her popularity well become one who ought to be a model for British matrons.

The Italian Adventurer who has been honored by the society of a certain illustrious personage, has given rise to much pleasantry in Paris. It has been asked by some foreigners of distinction who look down upon him *Est il vraiment Comte?* and the answer made was—Ceste un Conte qu' on *fait*—or C'est un Conte *pour rire.*—*Literary Gazette.*

The Princess CHARLOTTE, we are told, wished to take Marlborough-house for seven years, that being considered the shortest period that could be named, as a certain sum of money must be laid out upon it. The terms, in other respects, were actually agreed upon: the Duke of MARLBOROUGH then changed his mind, and refused to let it for more than five years. His Grace, it is supposed, calculating that in that time he should be able to occupy it himself. The Princess CHARLOTTE and Prince LEOPOLD have declined taking it for so short a period. Provided all the terms could have been agreed upon by both parties, the Princess and Prince could have been released from Camelford House at the last Lady-day.

[*The Morning Chro.—April 7.*

Lest the various murders and cruelties committed by the Spanish General MORILLO, in the Kingdom of New Granada, and mentioned at various times in the correspondence that has reached us from that country, should in any way

appear dubious, we extract the following statement from the *Diario Mercantil* of Cadiz, for 6th January, 1817, which contains part of a "Report of the principal Chiefs of the Rebellion in New Granada, who had suffered capital punishment." The inhuman manner in which these victims have been immolated, and the shameful terms in which the facts are afterwards recorded and exultingly boasted of, will convey a pretty fair idea of what Spanish pardons and amnesties are in the New World, & what likelihood there is of a mediation succeeding in that outraged country, even though it were undertaken under the auspices of Great Britain.

"ANTONIO VILLAVICENCIO, Captain in the navy, and formerly a commissioner for the pacification of those countries. He made a wrong use of his commission, by fomenting parties, and was a fanatic supporter of independence, &c. Degraded, shot in the back, and his property confiscated.

"IGNACIO VARGAS, late Member of the Electoral College of Santa Fè, Legislator in the Senate, &c. Shot in the back, and property confiscated.

"JOSE MARIA CARBONEL, President of the First Junta, &c. Hung and his property confiscated.

"LIBORIO MEXIA, late President of the Rebel Government, &c. Shot in the back, and property confiscated.

"MIGUEL POMBO, Attorney, author of various revolutionary works, &c. (To him the world is indebted for the best account of New Granada in print). Shot in the back, and property confiscated."

Such, in short, is the nature and brief extract of a partial Report, containing 43 names of persons of distinction, and officially published in Spain. All the victims were either shot in the back, or hung, and their property confiscated. We have another M. S. list of 172 individuals, but it would be too tedious to insert them. Various authentic accounts, corresponding with a letter we published on Saturday from Aux Cayes, assert that the total number of persons who have fallen victims to Spanish vengeance alone, since MORILLO's expedition reached the kingdom of New Granada, exceeds 600, in addition to those who have fallen by the sword, have been banished, &c. Such has been the havoc committed in one section alone, but if it were possible to obtain the aggregate amount of the whole, it would exceed all credibility. These circumstances however cease to be strange, when it is remembered that MORILLO himself tells the King that his work is to be done in exactly the same manner as the primitive conquest was established, that he again wields the sword of a CORTES and a PIZARRO.

Saturday and yesterday we received the Paris Papers of Wednesday and Thursday last. M. RIOUST, for the pamphlet, entitled *Carnot*, has received the very *mild and lenient* sentence of two years' imprisonment, a fine of 10,000 francs, to be deprived during ten years of the exercise of civil and family rights, to be placed for five years under the surveillance of the Police, and to give bail to the amount of 10,000 francs.

The Princess of WALES arrived at Baden on the 28th ult.

The report of the intended departure of the French Court for Versailles, is, in these Journals, contradicted.

The arrangements regarding the sum of 100,000,000 francs, the second part of the French Loan, are stated to be nearly completed.

The five per cents. continue advancing. They were on Wednesday 61f. 90c.

[*The Morn. Chro.—April 7.*

The High Sheriff of Norfolk fixed Wednesday for the Meeting of the county, "for the purpose of congratulating the Prince Regent on his escape from the late atrocious attack upon his person, and of praying his Royal Highness to dismiss from his presence and councils those advisers, who, by their conduct, have proved themselves to be alike enemies to the Throne & to the people." The Requisition presented to the Sheriff, to call the Meeting for the said purpose, is signed by the Duke of Norfolk, Earls Spencer and Albemarle, Lords Anson and Petre, and near 30 gentlemen of respectability. [*April 6.*

MR. COBBETT

In our next page we give the reasons assigned by this Gentleman, in his publication of yesterday, for leaving his native country. Considering Mr. COBBETT as a *public man*, they will not, by some, be deemed conclusive. He has however, honestly laid them before that portion of his fellow countrymen to whom he considered himself accountable, and they must decide on their sufficiency. The Ministerial prints will, in course, revile and misrepresent them—indeed, during the last week, COBBETT and his departure have formed their principal themes; and our language has been ransacked for the strongest terms of contumely and abuse with which to bespatter him. One calls him a liar and a scoundrel—another a deamon and a monster, and a third, a coward and a pickpocket. Like the Ass and the dying Lion, all seem willing to lift up their heels against him. Even *The Morning Chronicle*, a labourer in the same vinyard—though not exactly in the same, class, gives him a kick at parting. We shall not join the pack in hunting down a man, who, we really think meant well; and who certainly fought ably in the cause of Reform, though not with the weapons the most likely to be successful. We are of opinion, that had his late strenuous exertions been directed towards persuading the People to Petition for an enlargement of the right of suffrage, and for Triennial Parliaments—we should not now be in the deplorable situation in which we are. His urging them to demand *nothing less* than Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments, has, for the present, proved fatal to the cause of Reform—by affording its enemies a pretence to impute to its advocates—levelling and jacobinical designs.

A pamphlet has lately been published in Paris, entitled "*La Coalition et la France*," which has produced a great sensation there. In this pamphlet the most injurious aspersions are flung on the British and Austrian Courts, and to these Powers all the humiliations and sufferings of France are ascribed. *Personal reflections are made also on the Duke of Wellington*—and it is said, that he complained of them, demanding the punishment of the Author. The Minister of *another* of the Allied Powers interfered in his behalf with such success, that the Author, who manfully avowed himself, and demanded to be fairly tried by the Tribunals, was liberated without even a reprimand. This affair has given rise to much discussion in the diplomatic circles, as it is pregnant, with important results. Since this the pamphlet has disappeared from circulation, and rumour says the copies have been bought up.

A note, or letter, of which the following is a copy, has been sent by a person high in official station, to a presumed friend of Ministry: we suppose many others of the same nature have also been written.—There is evidently a great deal of importunity in this circular. Two things were desirable for Ministers to obtain in the present Session of Parliament—to stop the complaints of the people, and to procure such sums, as, *in their opinion*, are necessary for carrying on the public service. The first they have gained, and we believe they will leave no stone unturned to procure the other.

"*Downing-street, March* 31, 1817.

"MY DEAR LORD,—I think your Lordship may be desirous of knowing, whether there will be much business immediately after Easter; and I therefore take the liberty of recalling to your recollection, that several notices have been given for motions by the Opposition; & I also wish to observe to you, that the various estimates, for the year are still to be voted. With these; and other important subjects, the House will be constantly occupied; and there is reason to be certain that, from the first day of meeting after the holydays the friends of the Opposition will be very regular in their attendance—I have the honour, &c.

It is calculated, that for every stone thrown in the late outrage forty Addresses have been presented.—What their proportion may be to the *bullets* fired, Lord James Murray alone can tell.

An investigation of certain accounts by order of Government, is at present in progress, the facts respecting which, when developed, will surprise and astonish the public.

The *Courier*, on Friday, contains the following paragraph:—

"Whatever degree of distress was felt during the last winter, was certainly much aggravated by the habits which the lower class have been, during a quarter of a century, acquiring; *habits of conceiving themselves entitled to a more expensive food* than sustained their ancestors in vigour of body and mind, in virtue and in happiness. Thirty years ago, animal food and wheaten bread were unknown to the lower classes in the South of Scotland (as they still are in the Highlands), and in the North of England; at the beginning of this King's reign, barley bread was the general diet of the labouring people; but manufactures and high wages, with the revolutions in employment, which the changes from war to peace, and from peace to war produce, have destroyed that happy state of things. Those who flatter the working classes, by pitying them for being reduced to the food on which their forefathers grew up so stout, strong, and joyful, are, therefore, guilty of the great crime of spreading discontent, of destroying the peace of mind of persons the least capable of judging, and the most prone to passion."

Now, in answer to the above *tender* and *feeling* paragraph we would remark, that the poor in all parts of the Kingdom, have not of late been in the habit of complaining so much of the *quality* of their food, as of the *quantity*—not so much that they can only procure barley bread, as that they can procure no bread at all. There is, however, a class of men in this country, who are ever looking to the privations of the poor as the means of alleviating the public distresses, and the writer of the above paragraph is evidently one of them. [*The News,—April 6.*

POLITICS.

APRIL 5.

THE state of South America has, during the present week, been brought before the public in a variety of ways; and as we know of no subject more worthy of our notice, we shall here briefly consider it.

The progress of liberty in this section of the western world is confirmed by many circumstances—by the profound and long-continued silence of the Madrid Gazette, respecting the affairs of Mexico, on the one hand; and by the bulletins of the Independent Armies, on the other:—by the general flight of the Mexican Spaniards to Cuba and Jamaica; and by the uncontradicted success of Bolivar near Barcelona, and the progress of the Patriots to the capital of Caraccas. Thus is it probable, that the arms of liberty will soon triumph over the largest expedition with which Spain has endeavoured to maintain the cruel conquest of Cortes and Pizarro; that, that empire, over which her blood-stained flag has waved for more than three centuries, will soon be broken in pieces; that an immense mass of human mind will be emancipated; and that the best interests of humanity will be extensively vindicated.

The incalculable commercial advantages which the independence of Spanish America would instanly throw open to Britain, are perfectly obvious. We must not, however, permit ourselves to be actuated by such motives, where considerations so much more noble present themselves. We feel, therefore, unfeigned respect for the conduct of our ministry in this,—that they sacrifice all peculiar advantages to a strict and honorable neutrality between the parent state and her colonies.

This honorable neutrality, however, has been imputed, by some, to a love of legitimacy—of the divine right of kings—of the right of sovereigns to obedience, prior to, and independent of, the right of people to protection! Such an imputation is doubtless calumnious. The British Constitution acknowledges no such rights; and he would be guilty of treason who should espouse them, since he would deny the right of our present sovereign to occupy the throne—a right which was triumphantly established on the wreck of legitimacy and of the divine right of kings.

The office of mediation between Spain and her colonies, has been by some assigned to our government. Such a supposition is absurd. The colonies never will again submit to Spanish despotism; the power, therefore, which should mediate in such a case must conquer either Spain or her colonies; and the British government is too enlightened to engage in the conquest of either.

No where, certainly, is a more interesting or more noble scene presented than in the struggle of the Southern Americans. With a widely diffused population, destitute of proper equipments, and inevitably deficient in unity of design, they fight under every possible disadvantage. Nothing good, however, was ever easily got. We are therefore no enemies to the war which they wage. It will rouse the genius of the sluggish colonist and slumbering native.

—Palmam qui meruit ferat!

The notoriety of the proposal of Lord Cochrane to visit these transatlantic scenes, naturally leads us to the following observations respecting him.

As there is no man in Britain who does not owe to the hero of Basque Roads, all the gratitude which is due to him who risks his life and achieves a triumph for his country, and, as in one to whom public gratitude is due the public has a deep interest, (we had almost said, an absolute property,) the feeling excited in the breast of all liberal and good men when Lord Cochrane committed his first unfortunate error, was one of violated confidence, of insulted attachment, of indignant friendship, of almost implicated degradation, by the voluntary and thoughtless self-degradation of a man with whom one of their most honourable achievements was identified.

That history will eternally uphold Lord Cochrane's claim to British gratitude, that she will with one hand identify him and his countrymen in the record of one brave and brilliant achievement, while with the other she throws a dark shadow over the image of their pride—these are considerations calculated only to increase public regret and to aggravate public indignation.—Happily, France, and the friends of France, will blend both in one common hatred: and what Englishman, in a foreign land, will not then scorn the recollection of a mean and paltry transaction, in order to remember, to cherish, and to honor the day when Lord Cochrane and his countrymen, in behalf of British rights, bared their breasts for a dangerous and desperate encounter?—What Englishman will then meanly check the thrill of joy, or stifle the shout of triumph, or withhold unmeasured gratitude to ALL who nerved their arms, and shed their blood, and tore from France the laurel in so fierce and brave a combat?

It is, we are convinced, the mixed sentiment which we have here endeavoured to express, which has so divided public opinion with reference to Lord Cochrane.

The soldier's or the sailor's mind, is little calculated to endure the slightest degradation, though even it may thoughtlessly or rudely or recklessly have earned it. Nurtured in firm opposition, and fierce contest, it foolishly identifies difficulty and danger with proud daring, or personal duty, and sometimes proves its courage, as madly as unnecessarily, by plunging deeper in universally deprecated error—deeper even because danger forbids it.

Assuredly nothing is more lamentable than the perversion of such energies; nor do we more regret any thing than that Lord Cochrane should, under any circumstances, have subsequently associated himself with men who are Anti-British in every sentiment, who seek to retrieve their desperate fortunes by public distress, and who sculk as the basest cowards while they "tread the verge of treason." Assuredly also perseverance in such association would render any man deservedly an object of hatred, and would irresistibly compel us to sink all recollections of public desert in sentiments of public danger.

We rejoice, therefore, that Lord Cochrane embarks in the cause of South American independence, and that Sir Robert Wilson accompanies him. Such strongly constructed and unquiet minds are necessary to the progress of human affairs. It is no less necessary that these energies should be expended. Nor can they be expended more worthy than in adventuring life and fortune for the extension of the liberties of mankind. Let, then, these brave men remember, that it is in such countries (to use the language of Machiavelli) "Che, per la povertà, non ti sarà impedita la via à qualunque grado, et a qualunque honore."—there "consulatus præmium virtutis non sanguinis!"

[*Liter. Gaz.*

By an arrival at a French Port from the south side of Hayti, we have received letters, of which the subjoined is an extract:—

AUX CAYES, JAN. 29, 1817.

"An Italian, of the name of GABAZO, who has for some time past been acting as Commodore of a small Spanish squadron on the coast of Venezuela, fifteen days ago arrived at the City of Santo Domingo with fourteen vessels, three of which are vessels of war, and the remainder transports. He afterwards proceeded on to Puerto Rico, having on board the Bishop of CARACAS, of course a Spaniard, and a large number of families, which, it is said, have left the above city, in order to escape from the hardships of a siege, as well as the dangerous & disagreeable circumstances which would attend a sudden and confused evacuation. This would seem to say, that the Royalist troops and inhabitants are by no means in a tranquil state, or divested of the most serious apprehensions with regard to the approaching fate of the capital of Venezuela. By letters from Jamaica we are also informed, that General MORILLO left Santa Fé, about the 19th of November ult. with from 4 to 5000 men to support the King's cause in Venezuela. We are also assured that, in that desolated and unfortunate part of the New World, this, same Spanish Chief, MORILLO, has shot, murdered & destroyed no less than 600 persons during the time he has been in command there, all of the first families, without taking into account those who have been hung and shot in the provinces of Popayan, Antioquia, Cipara, Mariquita, Tunja, Socorro, Giron and Pamplona. His senseless cruelty and barbarity have gone so far, that he has even banished from their homes all the widows of these same martyrs of liberty, as well as the greatest part of the wives of numberless other persons he has banished. These facts would scarcely be credited in Europe, nor can it be supposed that such is the plan of pacification Spaniards have brought over to America."

The only Provinces from which direct British commerce is now excluded, are the Vice-royalty of Lima, and the Kingdom of Mexico; the former is, however, supplied partly through Cadiz, and partly through Jamaica and Panama; the latter channel is the only one resorted to for the importation of British cotton goods, and used for that purpose to an enormous extent; and the Spanish Governors, through whose jurisdiction they pass, connive at this trade, well knowing that the arbitrary orders of FERDINAND cannot stem the tide of commerce. The supplies through Cadiz consist but in a very trifling degree of British goods, and cotton goods are entirely excluded.

If the intercourse between Mexico & the British dominions has been of small importance, it is owing not so much to Spanish prohibition, as to the state of confusion in which Mexico is placed by the revolution and the civil war now raging in that Kingdom; Vera Cruz is almost the only inlet from the sea, but it is besieged or blockaded by a body of Insurgents stationed between it and the Capital. They intercept the commpass, cation with the Capital, and nothing can s atunder a strong escort, but which is alway tacked and suffers more or less. Spanish

With the rest of the now, or *ci-devant* Havannah colonies, we have a free trade. The Ports of all and Porto Rico are open to us, in spiclose the the attempts made by FERDINAND to a will be former port. Caracas and Carthagencontest beof no value to commerce, whilst the now near tween the Patriots and the Spaniards, on to exa crisis, lasts; but there is every reavour of the pect that it will soon terminate in Mezuela and Patriots, and again open both V the enterprise the Kingdom of New Granada to had an uninterof our merchants.

With Buenos Ayres we have 1809, and the rupted intercourse since the yeathe subsequent revolution which broke out in y of the impeyear, has tended to remove manulations of the dimen's occasioned b the reges of the Por-Spanish Viceroy.—The hostilit eo, at present ugue e army against Montev buts us out of that territory.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 28 June, 2017

Chili will be open to us, if the expedition fitted out at Buenos Ayres drives the Spanish troops from that Kingdom, on which the most sanguine expectations were entertained.

From this state of affairs it will be difficult to imagine what advantages Spain may be willing or able to grant us, and it is rather to be apprehended that the regulations attending them will do more harm than good.

But what equivalent is Spain to receive for these [illegible] on which doubtless she will [illegible]? Surely it is not a loan nor [illegible] to furnish ships and men, to assist [illegible] subjugation of the Patriots. What is it, then, that Spain claims from us, for really as things stand, it cannot be supposed the Spanish Americans can place any reliance on the solemn pledges of Spanish Commissioners, even though they should be accompanied by British ones.

It may be of importance to call the attention of the British Public to the consideration of this subject; many have been the attempts of the Court of Madrid, to induce this Government to an interference in the South American question, but fortunately for British commerce the negociations never were successful. As, however, Spanish Councils may ultimately prevail to the detriment of British interests, a timely caveat will be useful. [*The Morn. Chro.—April* 5.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE SPANISH GEN. MORILLO TO THE WAR MINISTER IN MADRID.

HEAD-QUARTERS, MOMPOZ, MARCH 7, 1816.

(No 18—Private.)

MOST EXCELLENT SIR,— From the moment of my first arrival in the waters of Venezuela, I have informed his Majesty of every thing I considered conducive to the tranquillity and security of these dominions of the King; lately from Carthagena I have due notice of the wants of this Viceroyalty, and now I consider it my duty again to insist on the urgency of aid being sent out, especially to Venezuela.

In proportion as I have been sending troops to Peru and Puerto Rico, and the King's Army has been occupying the points evacuated by the rebels, the army has been weakened by being so much scattered, which, added to sickness and reductions of every kind, has now dwindled into a mere skeleton, compared with the extent of country it covers, and the enemies braving it in front, especially in Venezuela.

At the time Margarita was taken, the fugitives went to Carthagena, and to organize troops in the Kingdom of Santa Fe, another portion of them remaining in the foreign islands, waiting for the opportunity of a diminution in the forces of this army, as well as its other attentions, in order to revolutionize Cumana, Margarita and Guayana, united with the malcontents from France and speculators from England.

Carthagena has been taken, and they have all ran away to Aux Cayes, with a view, from thence, to attack any of the weak points of the coast, follow up the attack as much as they are able, and if they do not succeed, to plunder and re-embark. By the plundering of produce, they pay for their muskets, of which, at the present moment, there is in Port au Prince a depot of at least 12000, as I have already manifested to your Excellency in my last dispatch, on the authority of intercepted letters.

By this brief detail his Majesty will see, that if the rebels lose ground, they re-concentrate, and are stronger in the point which they attack, when we in reality are weaker.

For a moment I request your Excellency to cast a glance over the statement of forces Venezuela had when the inhabitants were attached to the dominion of the King, and you will find that they were more than double the number now acting there, when, at the same time, they are compelled to be fighting every day. The same do I say with regard to this Viceroyalty, and according as I perceive on my march, the province of Carthagena may remain faithful, but the other towns and people wait only for an opportunity to pursue their criminal designs, and particularly the curates, of whom not a single good one is to be found.

I requested missionaries of his Majesty, and I now add, that it will also be advisable to send out European curates and lawyers, for if this is to be carried on, it must be done in exactly the same manner as in the first days of the conquest.

The necessity of troops, which I have already informed your Excellency in my dispatch, No. 163, the Viceroyalty of Santa Fe labours under, is a positive fact, for if it were feasible now to conquer the whole of this part of the country, it is not possible to leave the division of Colonel Calzada, nor the vanguard on the right side of the river Magdalena, for they would go off to Venezuela, to increase the numbers of the enemy; but if it were possible for them to be marched to Peru, it is there they would be of the greatest service, as they are warlike and susceptible of good discipline, though, for the present, they will have enough to do in Antioquia, Popayan and Choco, [Morillo here alludes to Creole troops].

All I have thus far said is under the impression of the early arrival of troops, but if these are delayed, I cannot inform your Excellency what will be the number required. At present in Venezuela there are two points threatened, and they are of the greatest importance; viz. Margarita and Guayana. In the first point the rebels are well directed, supplied with every thing, and fighting in a bloody manner. The troops of the King have found themselves compelled to act on the defensive; and if Bolivar goes to that island with the expedition he is forming at Aux Cayes, I do not know what will be the fate of Margarita, and afterwards of Cumana.

The attack on Margarita is combined with that of Guayana, where the enemy's numbers increase; they occupy a large circle round the Capital, intercept the cattle, and without fighting they will compel the city to surrender, and be thereby greatly benefited. I considered this province to be of so much importance, that in Madrid I dared to tell his Majesty, that if it was lost and occupied with a strong force, Caracas and Santa Fe would be in danger; and I request your Excellency to cast a glance on this position, and remark that the rivers Orinoko, Apure and Meta are navigable and navigated to a greater distance than I was then in any way aware of; look also to the plains which the Rebels command, and in it is there that the cattle of all kinds are bred.

The rebels of Venezuela have adopted the system having many and strong Guerrillas, which follow the plan of those we had in Spain; and I foresee the assembling of them all as soon as a chief like Bolivar makes his appearance, or any other of reputation, and if they then think we have been weakened they will act with their whole forces.

In Spain it is generally believed that it is only a few chiefs who hold the country in a state of insurrection; but, most Excellent Sir, it is high time for you to think otherwise, at least with regard to the provinces of Venezuela. There the Clergy, with the whole classes of society, are urged on to the same object of independence, though they are blinded enough not to see-they are working for the people of colour; a blow which they would already have struck, if our expedition had not made so timely an appearance. This same set of people are vigourous, brave, eat any thing, and use no hospitals or cloathing.

I do not believe the same obstinacy exists in this Viceroyalty, but it is at all times necessary to increase the troops, for the garrison of Carthagena consumes a great number of men, and it is necessary for it to be numerous, since, according to what I can observe at present, the military force of the whole of New Granada must be superior to what it was in the middle of the last century.

If Margarita is lost, the insurgents will fortify it, and to reconquer it would require an expedition, whilst in the mean time the trade from thence to the Mexican Gulf would be left exposed to dangers. If Guayana should meet with the same fate, the re-conquest would be still attended with greater difficulties; and if at the same time there should be a Chief to direct the forces of Casanare and Tunja, and combine an attack on Paraguana, a province of Coro, I should anticipate nothing favourable to the arms of the King. But all these evils, on the eve of coming upon us, would be avoided by an increase being made to the existing force of infantry and cavalry, and fresh supplies coming out. The expeditions ought to touch in Margarita, and then proceed along the coast.

By the picture I have just drawn, I do not however, wish your Excellency to believe that it is my intention to sadden the heart of his Majesty, but rather to double the blow, in order not to lose the fruits of such great expences as have been incurred, as well as the center of America; for now, if through the protection of Divine Providence we are enabled to overcome the obstacles of hunger and total want of means, no one ought to be so hardy as to flatter himself that the same could happen every day; and now since so much has been done let us have men, muskets, and ammunition, in order that his Majesty's dominions may at once be consolidated in these vast regions. Great attention ought to be paid to Venezuela, which in revolutions furnishes all the other provinces with Chiefs and Officers, since they are more daring and better informed than those of the other parts, for which reason greater strength is requisite in that Captain Generalship, from whence the troops now in Varinas may then come on to Santa Fe, by roads which are frequented, though extremely bad.

God preserve your Excellency many years. &c. &c. &c.

(Signed) PABLO MORILLO.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

For some days past there have been inserted in several of the papers various pretended extracts of letters from Milan, Munich, and other places respecting the Princess of Wales, and giving a most erroneous statement of an affair that happened some months ago in her Royal Highness's family. We have received from abroad an authentic narrative of the transaction alluded to. An Hanoverian Baron was observed to follow the Princess's route wherever she went. He was always received by her Royal Highness with the attentions due to his rank. On the Princess's return to Milan from her long voyage, the Baron was still there, and paid his respects to her Royal Highness as usual;—but reports having come to the ears of her Household, that the Baron had made use of expressions in society, highly injurious to her Royal Highness, one of the Gentlemen in her suite, an English Officer, sent the Baron a challenge, and this conveyed in terms too plain and unequivocal for misconstruction, as he accused him of "a most infamous and unmanly return for the kindnesses he had received from her Royal Highness;"—and called upon him to "meet him at eight o'clock the next morning at Barrassima (half way between Milan and Como), there "to answer for this sacred charge against his honour as "a Gentleman and a man, who has ever received the "most marked hospitality at the hands of the Princess, "and who has committed the greatest act of hostility "against the very first of virtues" (we copy the words as transmitted to us from Milan). This challenge was delivered to the Baron by the hands of the Baron Cavalotti, a friend of the English Officer. The answer to this direct challenge was an attempt to explain away the charge imputed to him—but an acceptance of the challenge—claiming his right to the choice of weapons—and saying that he would fight in Switzerland, but that his intended second was absent;—in two days he would send him to settle the time and place.

Just at this period a discharged servant of her Royal Highness wrote a letter to the Chief Magistrate of Como, saying, that his conscience touched him, and that he was desirous of making a confession of the part he had acted in a treacherous confederacy with this Hanoverian, in whose pay he had been for the preceding ten months, to disclose to him every transaction of the Household, to procure false keys to her Royal Highness's apartments and drawers, &c. &c. This was made known to her Royal Highness. She treated all that he could have obtained by such insidious means with contempt—and actually took the footman who had thus acted as a spy on her actions, again into her service, on his imploring her pardon—but another accomplice was delivered over to the Police, to be tried and punished.

The very day after this discovery, her Royal Highness happened to give a great entertainment, at which the Governor of Milan, and all the principal Nobility were present.—when the Princess communicated the whole affair to the Governor. He expressed his indignation at the scandalous conduct, and having learnt that a challenge had passed from one of her gentlemen to the Baron, said that certainly the person was unworthy to be treated as a gentleman. The Hanoverian knew nothing of all this, but according to his promise sent Count Cantenogh, one of the Chamberlains to the Austrian Emperor, to Como—who having met the British Officer, said he was not much acquainted with the Hanoverian who had requested him to be his second in an affair of honour—that he was anxious to have the matter fully investigated—and trusted, that if the Baron should prove his innocence of the language imputed to him, that the British Officer would be satisfied he had acted hastily, &c. But in case he was not satisfied, he was further instructed to say, that the Baron wished the meeting to be in Germany, on the confines of France, instead of Switzerland, and the time could not be convenient to him sooner than three weeks, a month, or more from that time—as he had to go to Hanover to settle his affairs in the interim. The Englishman then related to Count Cantenogh the disclosures that had been made the day before, and submitted to him whether such behaviour did not render his principal unworthy the support of a man of honour, or to be met as a gentleman. The Count declared that he could not be the second of such a person—that he must justify himself from this infamous charge—or chuse another friend. With this the Count returned to Milan—and a message was soon after delivered to her Royal Highness, from the Governor, to say that the Hanoverian Baron had received orders to quit the Austrian dominions, which he accordingly had done.

This curious affair made a considerable noise at the time, which was the beginning of November last, and this we suppose is the foundation of the stories which have lately been circulated and misrepresented.

[*The Morning Chronicle,—April* 3.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

Milan, March 11.—If mine of the 7th reached you, you would find, that I was uncertain how to speak of the person, who now, with the title of Baron de Bergamo, is *Chevalier d'honneur* to the Princess of Wales. I have since learned that he was originally a Courier, and was hired by the Princess in that capacity, at the usual wages. He is a tall, stout built man, but rather heavy in his appearance and manner. The Princess maintains, and doubtless is persuaded, that he is of a noble family, but that having lost his property, he was compelled to become a servant. This explanation has occasioned some discussion here upon the propriety of the intimation from the Court of Vienna, forbidding him to wear the decorations of his Orders; but the general conclusion, I find, is that, supposing the Princess to be rightly informed, still the Order of Malta cannot be borne by any one who has been a menial servant. So much has the new Baron been a subject of conversation, that some of his supposed adventures have got into print here, in a Poem—the Bergameide—a liberty not often taken at Milan.

Soon after her Royal Highness's arrival here, the Austrian Prefect, or Governor gave a grand ball in honour of her, to which she went in an Eastern dress, that excited much criticism.

You may depend upon it, that the Princess wrote such a letter as I mentioned in my last to Mr. Canning, but I doubt her having written to Lord Liverpool. The London Papers, I understand, were wrong in stating, that Mr. Brougham passed some weeks, at her villa, at least when she was there. Mr. Brougham saw her, for about an hour, on his going into Italy; on his return, he did not see her at all.

It was the intention of the Princess to have been at Rome, about the end of Lent; and she had written to different persons in that city to announce her intended arrival. It was also her declared intention to visit Spain, next winter; whether this latter arrangement will be abandoned, like the former, remains to be seen.

The reason of the Princess's quitting Como was, that several of the inferior persons in her suite had frequent misunderstandings with the inhabitants of that town. Her Mameluke Guards in particular were greatly disliked, in consequence of the unceremoniousness of their manners to the female inhabitants. It is not unlikely, that violence would have ensued, had these persons remained in the neighbourhood. Her Royal Highness finding the dislike of the inhabitants increasing every day, and seeing it manifested, on some occasions, in a manner not to be mistaken, and even offensive to herself, thought it prudent to retire, and has expressed her determination never to return again.

[*St. James's Chronicle,—April*].

The rise of the Funds at a moment when such pains are taken to spread an alarm of the most horrible plots, in which thousands of disaffected persons are said to be engaged, all over the country, is a proof that this tremendous story has made little impression on the public mind. It is either totally discredited from its absurdity, or the money brokers have complete confidence in the vigour and vigilance of Government. We find upon inquiry, that the rise is owing to a speculation by some of the principal Jobbers in the Alley, and that the Agents of Government zealously second the efforts of the Bulls, because by advancing the Consols to 75 or 76, they expect that the Land owners might be accommodated with loans of money on mortgage, which they could not obtain while the three per cents. were at or under 60. This may account for the eagerness of Ministers, but what ground of confidence can the speculators on the rise possess, that the Funds will keep their price, or that the revenue will permanently be equal to the national expenditure, when they see the determination to avoid retrenchment? We are in the last week of the quarter, and on Monday next it will be seen, that it is only by the arrears due on the Income Tax, that the receipt is equal to the charge. This is worthy the attention of the considerate part of the public; for we believe that the principal Buyers, in the present speculation, are persons who have full reliance on the design of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER to revive the Income Tax at all hazards, and that a dissolution will be the precursor to the hazardous proposition. This, we believe, is the foundation of the hope of the Bulls, and we think it highly probable that they have got a hint to that effect. Let the constituent body, therefore, be on their guard, for a general election will in all probability take place in the autumn.

MR. COBBETT.

That Mr. Cobbett is an impressive writer no man can deny, and that he would be a respectable and permanently popular writer in England we are disposed to believe, if it were not for his system of universal indiscriminating abuse—if it were not for his relentless intolerance. How could Mr. Cobbett hope to have his own character respected, or his opinion of the character of others regarded, while he proscribed every one who differed from him—while, notwithstanding the versatility of his politics, he dogmatized upon every subject—while he denied forgiveness and the merit of atonement, or the sincerity of conversion towards other public men, although he was perpetually asking forgiveness and claiming credit for the merit of atonement and the sincerity of conversion himself—while he was attacking public men, rather from jealousy than from conviction, as was but too evident in his overstrained effort to depreciate the character of Mr. Whitbread, by attributing his unquestionably meritorious conduct to mere vanity? Such are the means by which Mr. Cobbett sunk his authority in England. But let us hope that this extraordinary man will learn from sad experience to correct his errors—that he will in future write from a better disciplined mind, and that he will attend more than he has ever done heretofore to the considerations of *practicability*, which no wise Statesman, whatever his own wishes or opinions upon any subject may be, ever allowed himself to overlook.

As to the report of his being called on for duties to the amount of 80,000l. the idea is absurd. Granting that he sold 40,000 copies of his 2d sheet weekly for 12 or 13 weeks, the stamp duty would amount only to about 80,00l. The penalties, indeed, at 50l. for each copy, would amount to two millions and a half.

[*The Mon. Chro.—April* 2.

There appears to be no foundation for the report mentioned in the papers, that the King of France has presented a splendid mansion, four miles from Paris, to the Duke of Orleans, on condition that he should reside there, and that his Highness had accepted it. The fact is stated to be, that the mansion alluded to is to be exchanged by the King of France for the Duke of Orleans' Stables in Paris, which have been occupied by his Majesty's House hold for three years, and for which the Duke of Orleans had not yet obtained any compensation. It appears to be equally unfounded, that any promise should have been requested from the Duke of Orleans, or given by him, for his future residence either at that place or at any other. The sole cause assigned for the Duke's leaving England at so short a notice is, the Duchess being in the family way, and near her confinement, in order to secure the young Prince or Princess to be French born.

A letter from Boulogne, dated March 19, says—" St. Patrick's day passed here with but little celebration in honour of *Bacchus*, but with considerable *eclat* in that of *Venus*. Capt. Somerset, son to Lord Charles, and aide-de-camp to his uncle, Lord Edward, prevailed upon Miss Heathcote, eldest daughter of a gallant naval captain of that name, to elope with him without beat of drum, about eleven o'clock at night, from an entertainment given by Colonel Lovelace. They landed at Dover, the lady in her ball dress, and are now on their way to Gretna-green."—*Times*.

A REPUTED WORK OF BUONAPARTE IS JUST PUBLISHED.

This singular book professes to be the work of Buonaparté, and contains a summary of his political and military history. With respect to the authencity of the volume, we hardly know what to say. External evidence there is none in its favour. The internal—the manner and style of the work—would at least lead us to believe that it is the production of a man well acquainted with the life, and familiar even to mimicry with the habits and expressions of Buonaparté, such as they have appeared in his public documents, and the attested accounts of his proceedings. The first extract which we shall make gives a description of those two grand parties which have divided the world in these latter days—the revolutionists, and the friends of the existing order—of that order which is now, we hope we may say, happily re-established; though we wish it had come back shorn of many of its evils—its Inquisition, and its Jesuits; and, in general, its aversion to the slightest and most evident improvement.

"From the moment that I discovered the bottom of the heart of these two factions; from the moment I perceived that they divided the world as in the time of the Reformation, I was aware that any sort of compact between them was impossible, because almost all their interests clashed too strongly. I was sensible that the more the crisis was abridged, the better it would be for the people. It was necessary that the majority of Europe should be for us, in order to make the balance incline to our side; and I could only thus dispose the weight in virtue of the law of the strongest, for that is the only law acknowledged among nations. An absolute necessity, therefore, required that I should be the strongest, for I had not only to govern France, but to subject the world to her; otherwise she must have been annihilated by the world.

"I never had any choice in the measures which I adopted; they were always commanded by events, because the danger was always imminent: and the 31st of March showed to what a degree it was to be dreaded, and whether it was an easy matter for the old and the new systems to live in peace together.

"I then clearly foresaw, that as long as there should be an equality in the strength of these two systems, there would exist a war, either open or secret, between them. The treaties of peace which they might sign would only be pauses for breathing. It followed, then, that France, as the metropolis of the revolution, should be maintained in a state capable of resisting the tempest. It was requisite that there should be unity in the Government, in order that it might be strong—union in the nation, in order that all its means might be directed to the same object; and confidence in the people, in order that they might acquiesce in the sacrifices necessary for obtaining success.

"But in the system of the Consulate every thing was precarious, because nothing connected with it was in its proper place. There existed under that system a Republic in name, and

"Sovereignty in fact; a feeble national Representation, and a strong Executive Power; Authorities in subjection, and a preponderant army.

"Nothing proceeds rightly in a political system in which words disagree with things. The Government is degraded by the perpetual duplicity it practises. It falls into that contempt which awaits every thing false; because, whatever is false is feeble. It is besides no longer possible to play double in politics; nations have been too long acquainted with public affairs, and the Newspapers tell them too much for that now to be done. There remains only one secret for leading the world—which is, to be strong; for in strength there is no error, no illusion; it is truth exposed naked.

"I felt the weakness of my position, the ridicule of my Consulate. I saw the necessity of establishing something solid, to serve as a point of support for the revolution. I was nominated Consul for life. It was a liferent of the sovereign power; insufficient, however, in itself, since it held out a future epoch: and nothing is so injurious to confidence as the prospect of a chance: but it was passable for the moment in which it was established."

The account given in this work of the murder of the Duke D'Enghein, and the motives of that atrocious act, vary in some degree from those heretofore assigned. In the work before us Buonaparté seems to have thought the destruction of a Prince of the House of Bourbon necessary, to convince the world that he had no thoughts of re-acting the part of General Monk, and bringing back the Royal Family.

"It was necessary, at all hazards, to undeceive France, the Royalists, and Europe, in order that all might know what they had to expect from me. A persecution in detail, against words, always has a bad effect; because it does not attack the evil in its root. Besides, this mode of proceeding has became impossible in this age of solicitation, in which the exile of a woman agitates the whole of France.

"At this moment there occurred, unfortunately for me, one of those strokes of chance which destroy the best resolutions. The police discovered some petty Royalist plots, the focus of which was behind the Rhine. An august head was implicated in these transactions. All the circumstances of this event squared in an incredible manner with those which influenced me to attempt a great measure of state policy. The death of the Duke D' Enghein decided the question which was agitated. It decided it for me past all return. I ordered it.

"A man of much talent, who ought to understand the subject, has said of this transaction, that it was more than a crime, it was a fault. No offence to that personage; it was a crime, and not a fault. I am not ignorant of the value of the words. The offence of that unfortunate Prince was confined to miserable intrigues with some old Baronesses of Strasburgh. He played his game. The intriguers were watched. They neither menaced the safety of France nor my safety. He perished the victim of policy, and of an extraordinary occurrence of circumstances.

"His death was no fault, for all the consequences which I foresaw have happened.

Of the revolutionary interests, as established by his dynasty, he thus speaks:—

"The Revolution was finally terminated; it became immovably fixed under a permanent dynasty. The Republic had satisfied only; the Empire guaranteed interests along with opinions.

"These interests were those of the immense majority; because, above all things, the Empire guaranteed equality: In it democracy existed, *de facto & de jure*. Liberty alone was restrained, because it is of no value at the period of a crisis. Besides, liberty is only for the use of the enlightened part of a nation; equality is for the use of all.—This is the reason why my power remained popular even during those reverses which have crushed France."

The conclusion of the work, which speaks of his final surrender to the English, is interesting, whoever may be its author.

"France has respected misfortune in my person up to the moment when I for ever quitted her shores. I might, perhaps, have retired into America, and displayed my defeat in the new world; but one who had reigned over France ought not to disgrace his throne by courting any other glory.

"A prisoner upon another hemisphere, I have nothing left for me to defend, but the reputation which history is preparing for me. It will say, that a man to whom a people was devoted could not have been so wholly destitute of merit as his cotemporaries pretend."

In putting forth the arguments and reasoning of the author and chief actor in this work, we must not be thought to praise or allow of his conduct: with him, convenience, or what he is pleased to call necessity, seems to justify every crime.

From one of the passages above cited, it appears, that it became *necessary* to convince the world that he had no leaning to the Bourbons, *therefore* he murdered a Prince of that house. From others in the body of the work, he found it *necessary* to enforce the continental system, *therefore* he deluged Spain with blood. It became *necessary* to prove whether France or Russia was most powerful, *thence* the horrors of the Russian campaign. Virtuous minds would argue thus—that whatever prowers *necessarily* led to crime should be relinquished.

MR. COBBETT'S TAKING LEAVE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.

"My Beloved Countrymen—Soon after this reaches your eyes, those of the writer will, possibly, have taken the last glimpse of the land that gave him birth, the land in which his parents lie buried—the land of which he has always been so proud, the land in which he leaves a people, whom he shall to his last breath, love and esteem beyond all the rest of mankind. Every one, if he can do it without wrong to another, has a right to pursue the path of his own happiness; as my happiness, however, has long been inseparable from the hope of assisting in restoring the rights and liberties of my country, nothing could have induced me to quit that country, while there remained the smallest chance of my being able, by remaining, to continue to aid her cause. No such is now left. The laws, which have just been passed, especially if we take into view the real objects of those laws, forbid us to entertain the idea, that it would be possible to write on political subjects, according to the dictates of truth and reason, without drawing down upon our heads certain and swift destruction. It was well observed by Mr. Brougham, in a late debate, that every writer, who opposes the present measures, 'must now feel, that he sits down to write with a halter about his neck;' an observation the justice of which must be obvious to all the world.

"Leaving, therefore, all considerations of personal interest, personal feeling, and personal safety; leaving even the peace of mind of a numerous and most affectionate family wholly out of view, I have reasoned thus with myself: What is now left to be done? We have urged our claims with so much truth; we have established them so clearly on the ground of both law and reason, that there is no answer to us to be found other than that of a Suspension of our Personal Safety. If I still write in suppert of those claims, I must be blind not to see that a dungeon is my doom. If I write at all, and do not write in support of those claims, I not only degrade myself, but I do a great injury to the rights of the nation by appearing to abandon them. If I remain here, I must, therefore, cease to write, either from compulsion or from a sense of duty to my countrymen; therefore, it is impossible to do any good to the cause of my country by remaining in it; but, if I remove to a country where I can write with perfect freedom, it is not only possible, but very probable, that I shall, sooner or later, be able to render that cause important and lasting services. Upon this conclusion it is, that I have made my determination; for, though life would be scarcely worth preserving with the consciousness that I walked about my fields or slept in my bed merely at the mercy of a Secretary of State; though, under such circumstances, neither the song of the birds in spring nor the well-strawed homestead in winter could make me forget that I and my rising family were slaves, still there is something so powerful in the thought of country and neighbourhood and home and friends, there is something so strong in the numerous and united ties with which these and endless other objects fasten the mind to a long-inhabited spot, that to tear oneself away nearly approaches to the separating the soul from the body. But, then, on the other hand, when I asked myself: 'What! Shall I submit in silence? Shall I be as dumb as one of my horses? Shall that indignation which burns within me be quenched? Shall I make no effort to preserve even the chance of assisting to better the lot of my unhappy country? Shall that mind, which has communicated its light and warmth to millions of other minds, now be extinguished for ever; and shall those, who, with thousands of pens at their command, still saw the tide of opinion rolling more and more heavily against them, now be for ever secure from that pen, by the efforts of which they feared being overwhelmed; Shall truth never again be uttered? Shall her voice never again be heard, even from a distant shore?' Thus was the balance turned; and, my countrymen, be you well assured, that, though I shall, if I live, be at a distance from you; though the ocean will roll between us, not all the barriers that nature as well as art can raise, shall be sufficient to prevent you from reading some part, at least, of what I write; and notwithstanding all the wrongs, of which I justly complain; notwithstanding all the indignation that I feel; notwsthstanding all the provocations that I have received, or that I may receive, never shall there drop from my pen any thing, which, according to the law of the land, I might not safely write and publish in England. Those who have felt themselves supported by power, have practiced towards me foul play without measure; but, though I shall have the means of retaliation in my hands, never will I follow their base example.

"Though I quit my country, far be it from me to look upon her cause as desperate, and still farther be it from me to wish to infuse despondency into your minds. I can serve that cause no longer by remaining here; but, the cause itself is so good, so just, so manifestly right and virtuous, and it has been combatted by means so unusual, so unnatural, and so violent, that it must triumph in the end. Besides, the circumstances of the country all tend to favour the causes of Reform. Not a tenth part of the evils of the system are yet in existence. The country gentlemen, who have now been amongst our most decided adversaries, will very soon be compelled, for their own preservation, to become our friends and fellow labourers. Not a fragment of their property will be left, if they do not speedily bestir themselves. They have been induced to believe, that a Reform of the Parliament would expose them to plunder or degradation; but they will very soon find; that it will afford them the only chance of escaping both. The wonder is, that they do not see this already, or, rather, that they have not seen it for years past. But, they have been blinded by their foolish pride which has nothing of mind belonging to it, and which, accompanied with a consciousness of a want of any natural superiority over the labouring classes, seeks to indulge itself in a species of vindictive exercise of power. There has come into the heads of these people, I cannot very well tell how, a notion, that it is proper to consider the labouring classes as a distinct cast. They are called now-a-days, by these gentlemen, 'the Peasantry.' This is a new term as applied to Englishmen. It is a French word, which in its literal sense, means Country Folks. But in the sense in which it is used in France, Flanders, and Germany, it means, not country people or country folks, but also a distinct and degraded class of persons, who have no pretensions whatever to look upon themselves in any sense, as belonging to the same society or community as the gentry; but who ought always to be kept down in their proper place. And it has become, of late, the fashion to consider the labouring classes in England in the same light, and to speak of them and treat them accordingly, which never was the case in any former age. The writings of Malthus, who considers men as mere animals, may have had influence in the producing of this change; and we now frequently hear the working classes called 'the population,' just as we call the animals upon a farm 'the stock.' It is curious too, that this contumely towards the great mass of the people should have grown into vogue amongst the country gentlemen and their families, at a time when they themselves are daily and hourly losing the estates descended to them from their forefathers. They see themselves stript of the means of keeping that hospitality for which England was once so famed, and of which there remains nothing now but the word in the dictionary; they see themselves reduced to close up their windows, live in a corner of their houses, sneak away to London, crib their servants in their wages, and hardly able to keep up a little tawdry show; and, it would seem, that for the contempt which they feel that their meanness must necessarily excite in the common people, they endeavour to avenge themselves, and at the same time to disguise their own humiliation, by their haughty and insolent deportment towards the latter: thus exhibiting that mixture of poverty and of pride which has ever been deemed better calculated than any other union of qualities to draw down upon the possessors the most unfriendly of human feelings.

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"My choice, as I said before (leaving all considerations of Personal Safety out of the question) lies between silence and retreat. If I remain here, all other means will be first used to reduce me to silence; and if all those means fail, then will come the dungeon. Therefore, that I may still be able to write, and to write with freedom, I shall write, if I live, from America; and, my readers may depend on it, that it will not be more than four months from the date of this address, before the publication of the weekly Pamphlet will be resumed in London, and will be continued very nearly as regularly as it has been for years past. My main object will be to combat corruption; but, I shall also be able to communicate some very useful information; especially as I shall now have, at one and the same time, the situation of both countries under my eye. If it be said, that I cannot expect to get any one here to print, or publish, what I write in America, I ask, what is the use of writing here, seeing that the same obstacle would exist as to what should be written in England? Besides, I shall be as careful as I have been, not to write any thing that even a Special Jury would pronounce to be a libel. I have no desire to write libels. I have written none here. Lord Sidmouth was 'sorry to say,' that I had not written any thing that the Law Officers could prosecute with any chance of success. I do not remove for the purpose of writing libels, but for the purpose of being able to write what is not libellous. I do not retire from a combat with the Attorney General, but from a combat with a dungeon, deprived of pen, ink, and paper. A combat with the Attorney-General is quite unequal enough. That, however, I would have encountered. I know too well what a trial by special jury is. Yet that, or any sort of trial I would have staid to face. So that I could have been sure of a trial, of whatever sort, I would have run the risk. But, against the absolute power of imprisonment, without even a hearing, for time unlimited, and paper, & without any communication without any soul but the keepers; against such a power it would have been worse than madness to attempt to strive. Indeed, there could be no striving in a case, where I should have been as much at the disposal of the Secretary of State as are the shoes which he has upon his feet. No! I will go, where I shall not be as the shoes upon Lord Sidmouth's and Lord Castlereagh's feet. I will go where I can make sure of the use of pen, ink, and paper; and, these two Lords may be equally sure, that, in spite of every thing that they can do, unless they openly enact or proclaim a censorship on the press, or cut off all commercial connexion with America, you, my good and faithful countrymen, shall be able to read what I write. In my Letter to Earl Grosvenor, I said, that something very near to the chopping off of my hand, or the poking out of your eyes, should be done, before I would cease to write and you would cease to read. What has been done would not be very far from this, if I were to remain here; but, when I wrote that sentence, I had a full knowledge of what was going to be done; and, I had also resolved upon the course to pursue in order, as far as related to myself, to defeat its intention. And now, my countrymen, before I set off, let me caution you against giving the smallest credit to any thing that Corruption's Press may assert of me. You have seen what atrocious falsehoods it has put forth in my presence; what, then, will it not do in my absence? I have written thousands of letters to various persons in all parts of the kingdom: I give any one leave to make public any letter of mine, accompanied by the certificate of any respectable friend of mine, that it is in my hand-writing. I challenge all those, whom I ever conversed with to say, that I ever uttered a wish to see overthrown any one of the Constitutional establishments of the kingdom; and, I most solemnly declare, that I never associated with any man who professed, even in private, to entertain any such wish; but, on the contrary, all those with whom I have ever been intimate in politics, have always had in view the preservation of all the establishments and orders of the kingdom as one of the objects of a timely reform of the Parliament. The sacrifice I make would under any other circumstances, be justly considered as enormous. The ceasing of a profit of more than ten thousand pounds a year from my works; the loss of property of various sorts, left scattered about in all manner of ways; the leaving of numerous friends and of local objects created under my own hands, and affording me so many pleasing sensations. But, all this weight is nothing, when compared with the horrid idea of being silenced, of sneaking to my farm and quietly leaving Corruption to trample out the vitals of my country, while her infamous press was revelling in unexposed falsehoods and calumnies levelled against myself and my friends: compared to this, no loss of fortune, no toils necessary to support a numerous family, no poverty, no bodily [illegible] ing; there is nothing of this kind that must not appear trifling, and even wholly unworthy of notice, when compared with the loss of that satisfaction which I shall now derive from still retaining the power of combatting corruption, and from the hope that I shall never cease to entertain of returning to my beloved country, in the day of the restoration of her freedom. Every species of falsehood, deception, imposture, will corruption now resort to, in order to blacken my character, to disfigure my motives, and to diminish the effect of my writings. But, my countrymen, if you have witnessed so much of all these while I was present, I need not fear that you will believe in them when I am absent. In more than ten publications the writers have taken my name, and made me the author. They will now play off this trick more than ever. But, the matter of their publications will soon undeceive you. Nothing will be sent by me but 'Cobbett's Weekly Political Pamphlet,' and nothing will be of my writing, which will not have at the foot of it the name of the same gentleman, whose name will appear as the publisher of this Address. However, I am not much afraid of your being imposed upon in this way; for, amidst the crowd of writers, I hope you now will as easily distinguish my voice as a lamb does that of its mother, though there be hundreds of others bleating at the same moment. A mutual affection, a powerful impulse, equal to that out of which this wonderful sagacity arises, will, I hope, always exist between me and my hard-used countrymen; an affection, which, my heart assures me, no time, no distance, no new connections, no new association of ideas, however enchanting, can ever destroy, or in any degree enfeeble or impair. The sight of a free, happy, well-fed and well-clad people, will only tend to invigorate my efforts, to assist in restoring you to the enjoyment of those rights, and of that happiness, which are so well merited by your honesty, your sincerity, your skill in all the useful arts, your kind-heartedness, your valour, and all the virtues which you possess in so supre-eminent a degree. A splendid mansion in America will be an object less dear to me than a cottage on the skirts of Waltham Chase, or of Botley Common. Never will I own as my friend him who is not a friend of the people of England. I will never become a subject or a citizen in any other state, and will always be a foreigner in every country but England. Any foible that may belong to your character, I shall always willingly allow to belong to my own. All the celebrity which my writings have obtained, and which they will deserve, long and long after Lords Liverpool, and Sidmouth, and Castlereagh are forgotten, I owe less to my own talents than to that discernment and that noble spirit in you, which have at once instructed my mind and warmed my heart: and, my beloved countrymen, be you well assured, that the last beatings of that heart willl be, love for the people, for the happiness and the renown of England; and hatred of their corrupt, hypocritical, dastardly, and merciless foes.

WILLIAM COBBETT.

P. S. There will, of necessity, be about three months before the Weekly Political Pamphlet will be revived; but in the mean time my readers will find occupation in reading over and over again what I have addressed to them within the last five or six months. I beseech them to keep all the nice little Books that they have got; not to be humbugged by any of the publications of Corruption; they will find all my foretellings come true. I exhort them to exercise all the patience and fortitude they are masters of; not to be inveigled into any foolish and fruitless attacks upon bakers and butchers and the like; never to give up one jot of their right to Parliaments chosen annually, and to a vote for every man, twenty-one years of age; and never to give up the hope that this right will be restored to them along with that happiness to which their industry, and honesty, and public spirit so justly entitle them. They may be assured, that if I have life for only a year or two at farthest, I shall be back with them again. The beautiful country, through which I have so lately travelled, bearing upon every inch of it such striking marks of the industry and skill of the people, never can be destined to be inhabited by slaves. To suppose such a thing possible would be at once to libel the nation and to blaspheme against Providence. Let my readers not fear my finding out the means of communicating to them whatever I write. They will see the Political Pamphlet revive and be continued, until the day when they will find me again dating my addresses to them from London or from Botley.

"WILLIAM COBBETT."

"Liverpool, 28th March, 1817."

BOMBAY.—PRINTED FOR THE *PROPRIETORS*, BY M. D. CRUZ, IN BAKE-HOUSE LANE,
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SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

Wednesday, 6th August, 1817.

Eulogy of the Stage from the Examiner.

ON ACTORS AND ACTING.

Players are "the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time;" the motley representatives of human [illegible]. They are the only honest hypocrites. Their life is a voluntary dream, a studied madness. The [illegible] of their ambition is to *be beside themselves*. [illegible] sorrow beggars, it is only when [illegible] that they are nothing. Made up of mimic laughter and tears, passing from the extremes of joy or woe at the prompter's call, they wear the livery of other men's fortunes; their very thoughts are not their own. They are as it were train-bearers in the pageant of life, and hold a glass up to humanity frailer than itself. We see ourselves at second hand in them: they shew us all that we are, all that we wish to *be*, and all that we dread to be. The stage is an epitome, a bettered likeness of the world, with the dull part left out; and indeed with this omission it is nearly big enough to hold all the rest. What brings the resemblance near, is, that as they imitate us, we in our turn imitate them. How many fine gentlemen do we owe to the stage? How many romantic lovers are mere *Romeos* in masquerade? How many soft bosoms have heaved with *Juliet's* sighs? They teach us when to laugh and when to weep, when to love and when to hate, upon principle, and with a good grace! The stage refines the manners; for it is the most intelligible picture of life. The most striking lesson ever read to levity and licentiousness is in the last scene of the *Inconstant*, where young *Mirable* is preserved by the fidelity of his mistress, *Orindal*, in the disguise of a page, from the hands of assassins, into whose power he has been allured by the temptations of vice and beauty. There never was a rake who did not become in imagination a reformed man, during the representation of the last trying scenes of this admirable comedy.

If the stage is useful as a school of instruction, it is certainly not less so as a source of amusement. It is the source of enjoyment at the time; and a fund of agreeable reflection afterwards. One way in which public exhibitions contribute to refine and humanise mankind is by supplying them with ideas and subjects of conversation and interest in common. The progress of civilization is in proportion to the number of common-places current in society. For instance if we meet with a stranger at an inn or in a stage-coach, who knows nothing but his own affairs, his shop, his customers, his farm, his pigs, his poultry, we can carry on no conversation with him on these local and personal matters: the only way is to let him have all the talk to himself. But if he has fortunately ever seen Mr. Liston act, this is an immediate topic of mutual conversation; and we agree together the rest of the evening in discussing the merits of that eccentric actor, with the same satisfaction as in talking over the affairs of the most intimate friend.

If the stage thus introduce us familiarly to our contemporaries, it also brings us acquainted with former times. It is an obvious revival of past ages, manners, opinions, dresses, persons, and actions,—whether it carries us back to the wars of York and Lancaster, or half way back to the heroic times of Greece and Rome, in some translation from the French—or quite back to the age of Charles II. in the scenes of Congreve and of Etherege. We do not know whether to look upon John Kemble as *Pierre* or *King John* or *Coriolanus* or *Cato* or *Leontes* or the *Stranger*. But we see in him a stately hieroglyphic of humanity; a living monument of departed greatness; a sombre comment on the rise and fall of Kings. We look after him till he is out of sight, as we listen to a story of one of Ossian's heroes, to "a tale of other times!"

It has been considered as the misfortune of great talents for the stage, that they leave no record behind them except that of vague rumour, and that the genius of a great actor perishes with him, "leaving the world no copy." This is a misfortune, or at least an unpleasant circumstance, to actors; but it is perhaps an advantage to the stage. It leaves an opening to originality. The stage is always beginning anew—the candidates for theatrical reputation are always setting out afresh, unincumbered by the affectation of the faults or excellencies of their predecessors. What would the actors say to it, if by any spell of power or necromancy all the celebrated actors for the last hundred years could be made to appear again on the boards of Covent Garden and Drury-Lane for the last time in all their most brilliant parts? What a rich treat for the town, what a feast for the critics, to go and see Betterton and Booth and Wilks and Sandford and Nokes and Leigh and Penkethman and Bullock and Estcourt and Dogget and Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Montfort and Mrs. Oldfield and Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Cibber and Cibber himself, the prince of coxcombs, and Macklin and Quin and Peg Woffington and Mrs. Clive and Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Abington and Weston and Shuter and Garrick, and all the rest of those, who "gladdened life, and whose deaths eclipsed the gaiety of nations!" We should certainly be there. We should buy a ticket for the season. We should enjoy our hundred days again. We should not miss a single night. We would not for a great deal be absent from Betterton's *Hamlet* or his *Brutus*, or from Booth's *Cato* (as it was first acted to the contending applause of Whigs and Tories). We should be in the first row when Mrs. Barry played *Monimia* or *Belvidera*; and we suppose we should go to see Mrs. Bracegirdle in all her parts. We should then know exactly whether Penkethman's manner of picking a chicken and Bullock's mode of devouring asparagus answered to the ingenious account of them in the *Tatler*, and whether Dogget was equal to Dowton—Whether Mrs. Montford or Mrs. Abington was the finest lady, whether Wilks or Cibber was the best *Sir Harry Wildair*—Whether Macklin was really "the Jew that Shakespear drew," and whether Garrick was really so great an actor as the world have made him out!

It is the romantic mixture of the hero and the vagabond that constitutes the essence of the player's life. It is the transition from their real to their assumed characters, from the contempt of the world to the applause of the multitude, that gives its zest to the latter, and raises them as much above common humanity at night, as in the day time they are depressed below it. "Hurried from fierce extremes by contrast made more fierce"—it is rags and a flock-bed which give their splendour to a plume of feathers and a throne. We should suppose, that if the most admired actor on the London stage could be brought to confession on this point, he would acknowledge that all the applause he had received from "brilliant and overflowing audiences" was nothing to the lightheaded intoxication of unlooked for success in a barn. In town, actors are criticised: in country places, they are wondered at, or hooted at; it is of little consequence which, so that the interval is not too long between. For ourselves, we own that the description of the strolling player in *Gil Blas*, soaking his dry crusts in the well by the road-side, presents to us a perfect picture of human felicity. W. H.

[This is the picture of a lover of the Stage, in which he warmly describes its pleasures and its advantages. We are inclined to think that the good to be derived from Theatres overbalances the evils, but many of our religious and some of our philosophical readers are no doubt of a different opinion; and have much to say in support of their sentiments.]

MR. BOOTHS APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC

London, Wednesday Feb. 26, 1816.

It is with feelings of the most poignant grief, that I found by my reception at Covent Garden Theatre last night, that I had incurred the serious displeasure of a large proportion of the audience. As far as I could judge, from my own observation, and that of my friends, the accusations against me were

First,—My having left one Theatre, to renew my engagement at another. And, Secondly,—A want of respect to the public, in not performing at Drury-lane on Saturday last. In regard to the first cause of complaint, I humbly submit, that most unexpectedly entangled as I have been, between the two Theatres, and involved in a contest, that older and wiser heads than mine, might have erred in: and as the whole matter will shortly be explained in a Court of Law, I earnestly entreat the public to wait for the result of that decision. Respecting the second, and, to me, by far the most serious charge, if I had been allowed the honour of an hearing, I think I could have satisfactorily explained to the audience, that in my delicate situation, between the clashing interests of the two rival Theatres, I never could have been such a fool or a madman, as to have done a wilful act to offend that public, by whose favour and support alone I was to exist in my profession.

For the cause of my absence from my duty on Saturday night, I am ready to make the same affidavit which has been made already by Mr. Salter who was with me at the time, viz.—"That on Saturday morning last I did complain of severe indisposition, owing to the anxiety of mind, and the great fatigue I had suffered during the last week; and that I was so seriously indisposed, that I found myself totally incapable of making the exertion necessary to perform that evening; and that I wrote the same to Mr. Rae, which letter was at Drury-lane theatre by three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, which was time sufficient to have had hand-bills printed, to apprize the public of my incapability to perform, and prevent my being the cause of any disappointment to the audience."

Had I thought that such an unfair advantage would have been taken of my illness, and that it would have been insinuated from the stage, that my indisposition was feigned, rather than have been ungrateful to my benefactors, I would at all hazards, have performed, even though death had been the consequence. But as in every month, and every week in the season, instances of apologies for performers on the score of indisposition, are accepted, I could not imagine, that on that plea, I should be made the first dreaful example of public indignation. My punishment already has been severe; and surely a British public, a name synonimous with generosity, will not, for an involuntary error, combine to deprive a fellow Cilizen of the means of supporting himself and family.

And again, I most earnestly conjure the public, that, if they still think me guilty of a fault, they will kindly bring to their recollection, it is my first; and should they graciously grant me their indulgence, I pledge myself that it shall be the last—I will dedicate my whole life to their service, and ever remain, their most devoted and attached servant, J. Booth.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAMPION.

Sir,—I think it my duty, in justice to a society of which I once had the honour of being a Member, to refute a most malicious piece of calumny. The Wolf Club seems to have been a foil with which the friends of the rival theatre have for the last two years parried the public censure against their unsuccessful candidates. I wish, therefore, through the medium of the public prints, to inform their fears that such a society is no longer in existence; has not been for the last nine months; and when it was, the principles of the Institution were founded in integrity and universal philanthropy. The misrepresentations with regard to this society laid before the public, rendered it unjustly an object of reprobation; and in acknowledgment of my duty to the public, I resigned it.

With regard to Mr. Booth, that I have the highest opinion of his talents, I gave proof when I recommended his engagement to the Drury-lane Committee. If any one shall assert that I would individually or accessarily do any thing detrimental to the interests of Mr. Booth, or any of my brother professionals, I should be happy in person to tell the propagator of such a report that it is a falsehood.

I remain, Sir, with the greatest respect,
Your obedient, humble servant,
Edmund Kean.
12, Clarges-street, Wednesday, February 26.

MR. BOOTH'S SECOND APPEARANCE.

We were last night at Mr. Booth's second appearance at this theatre. We *saw* him in Richard. Not a word could be heard. He attempted, as did Mr. Fawcett, once or twice to gain a hearing; but what with the noise of his friends and bustle of his opponents, the attempts were vain. At the end of the play, however, Mr. Booth came on the stage, preceded by a placard, on which was written "I have acted wrong; I have publicly apologized: and I throw myself on the candour of Englishmen." This was sufficient. The House pardoned him. He spoke a few words, which we were unable to collect, and retired amidst the applauses of his audience. We have nothing further to remark on this, save that we think he has done what is proper now towards the public, and that his abilities ought to be allowed their fair play. The two houses may quarrel if they will, but he should now be permitted to use his lungs, as other actors use them, and to say something in return for his salary.

[*The Champion*,—*March* 3.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

MR. BOOTH IN RICHARD THE THIRD.

The Gentleman, whom the Managers have cleverly procured to be a *Richard the Third* at Covent Garden, is surely one of nature's duplicates;—if he be not Mr. Kean himself,—he is as ingenious a *fac simile* as we ever beheld. We never saw a better imitation. Mr. Booth (so the gentleman is named) has all Mr. Kean's tempestuous action, in his passionate scenes, and all and more of his familiarity in calm ones;—he has the eyes, face and walk of Kean,—the same stamp of the foot,—the same voice, except in its vehement tones, which instead of being broken, hoarse and fatiguing, are deep, loud and coarse. Mr. Kean's voice in the last scenes of *Richard* are indeed, as a friend once observed, like a hackney-coachman's at one o'clock in the morning;—Mr. Booth's is of the same kind, but not in so ripened a state: a few months' exertion will, we have no doubt, give it as rich a croak as that of his prototype. When we entered the box at Covent Garden the other evening—and heard Mr. Booth in the scene with *Lady Anne*,—we really were doubtful whether we had not mistaken the house, and wandered into Drury Lane. He leant against the side pillar as *Lady Anne* advanced, in the very attitude that Mr. Kean adopts;—and all his tones, looks and movements,—were Drury Lane property. He dressed the part as Mr. Kean dresses it,—and made due pauses, starts and stares,—as that actor makes them. Now we honestly confess that, never since we wielded the critical pen, have we at any time found ourselves so puzzled in our opinions of an Actor, as in the case before us. The two Houses have long been running a race of similiarities,—and now indeed they are neck and neck. The two *Maids*, and the two *Magpies* were not more alike,—than the two *Richards*. If Mr. Booth has made Mr. Kean's acting a study, and has merely given us an imitation of what is in itself but an imitation, then we utterly give him up, and consider him no better than the shadow of a shade:—But if nature has, by way of a joke, made two bodies alike, and given them similar conceptions and sounds—then Mr. Booth must not be rudely cast aside, because his better half happened to be seen first. It might have been Mr. Kean's fate to have been styled an imitator. There is one thing, however, which we shrewdly suspect, which is, that nature has put both souls into one body;—we will not in the present stage of the enquiry declare which we think the unfurnished one. Mr. Booth had great difficulties to struggle against on his first appearance. The image of *Richard* had been stamped by one hand on the minds of all parties,—and any copy would be immediately detected, and any deviation be instantaneously perceived and opposed. An audience expects now that *Richard* should be gay in his crimes, fascinating in his professions of affection, keen in his habits of meditation, and powerful and enthusiastic in his battles and his downfall. Every personator of *Richard* must fight like a madman, and fence on the ground, and, when disarmed and wounded, thrust with savage impotence with his naked hand,—

"And sink outwearied, rather than o'ercome."

Mr. Kean has passed this manner into a law,—and woe be to him who breaks it. No one but Mr. Kemble can be allowed to parry like a schoolboy and drop like a gentleman. Mr. Booth was sure of the disapprobation of a certain set of would-be-Judges,—some of these Things sat around us,—who would hiss him for misunderstanding his part, if he did not follow Kean, and who would hiss him likewise for copying if he did.

"To both their hates, must he be accessary."

The House was very poorly attended on the first night of his performance,—and an empty house is "a damper to a greenhorn",—but the play was loudly demanded for the next evening; whether "some certain of his followers, at the other end of the pit, threw up their caps, and cried 'Long live King Richard,'" We know not,—but the noise gathered strength, and the repetition was promised. As we felt so puzzled in our opinion of Mr. Booth's merits, we made a point of seeing *Richard* again represented by him. On the second night he played much better, though still he was Kean, and a full audience earnestly cheered him. This strange similiarity between the two Tragedians, is a great misfortune to them.

"For both, or one of them, the time is come."

If they be of equal merits,—though this we do not at all believe,—the public will hate them both, for it hates equality. "Two at a time there's no mortal can bear;—so said *Macheath*; and a profound reasoner on human actions in the *Comedy of Errors*,—

"One of these men is Genius to the other."

We shall, perhaps, hear Mr. Booth applying the last two lines of the same play;—

"We came into the world, like Brother and Brother.
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another."

The truth is, the world doats on originalities, let them be ever so extravagant;—and to a like degree, it hates serious copies, be they ever so ingenious. An Englishman cannot bear any creatures to go together in couples, not even in the marriage state;—there is an odious formality in what is called "two and two" in all things except funerals and fox-hounds. In dramatic affairs this singularity of taste, "solely singular for its singleness," is peculiarly pointed. There must be a favourite. If Kean *draws a house*, as the phrase is;—Kemble may as well take his neck from the collar,—for nothing remains to be done:—and were Mrs. Siddons to *re*-re-appear;—Miss O'Neill might keep her mid-summer holidays. An able writer of our day has well observed, that—"We have not, neither do we want, two Shakespeares, two Miltons, two Raphaels, any more than we require two suns in the same sphere." Even Miss O'Neill stands a little in the way of our recollections of Mrs. Siddons.—The Theatre is as a beautiful pleasure garden,—and we see our favourite statues at the ends of particular walks;—we cannot allow any fresh figure to interfere between our eyes and their favourites. It is pretty clear in our minds that Mr. Booth will either ruin himself, or Mr. Kean, by his extraordinary appearance,—unless he ceases to follow "in the beaten way."

But really some parts of Mr. Booth's performance were very spirited and attractive (we are aware that our opinions are of an April cast,—first shower and then sunshine; but we pursue our feelings fairly). The scene with *Lady Anne* was most winningly played;—many a lover might have taken a leaf out of his book to advantage. In many parts he was *ungentlemanly* in his villainy,—which Richard ought never to be; but then in others he made amends, by uttering his plans, as though he had set his crimes to music. His person is very ungainly,—and we missed in it a beauty which we have often with renewed delight, remarked in Mr. Kean;—that simplicity of habit which reflected the older days of England upon us. We have more than once noticed to a friend, that Mr. Kean, when his back was turned towards us, looked like a picture of Vandyke's. His black hair rests in full rich curls on his shoulders;—a plain red mantle falls in even folds to the bottom of the thigh,—and his white stockings and shoes complete the figure. Mr. Booth does nothing of this sort for us. Our

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or two passages, however, he gave with great effect;—particularly the words "'twas but a dream,"—and "a weak invention of the enemy," and "slave, I have set, &c."—all well known lines. But in one part, he really rectified the reading of a passage;—It has been always the custom, with Mr. KEAN and others to deliver the following lines as connected with each other.

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!

Mr. Booth very properly addresses the second line to a different division of his soldiers,—When he has harangued the archers with the first. Archers were never horsemen. This amendment is very creditable to the judgement of Mr. BOOTH, and ought to be noticed. Of course his death as Richard, is turbulent enough;—it must be so, if he means to die in peace.—But we shall be glad to see this gentleman in some other part,—and one in which Mr. KEAN has not appeared. We may then speak more decisively.

On turning to our common-place book we find the following observations of an eloquent writer on the character of *Richard*. As they are very just, and shew how intellectual an actor should be that represents the character,—we extract them. "Richard's deformity is the expression of his internal malice, and perhaps, in part, the effect of it: for where is the ugliness that would not be softened by benevolence and openness? He, however, considers it as an iniquitous neglect of nature, which justifies him in taking his revenge on that human society from which it is the means of excluding him. Hence these sublime lines:—

And this word love, which gray beards call desire,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me. I am myself alone.

Wickedness is nothing but an egotism designedly unconscientious; however, it can never do altogether without the form of morality, as this is the law of all thinking beings—it must seek to find its depraved way of acting on something like principles. Although Richard is thoroughly acquainted with the blackness of his mind and his hellish mission, he yet endeavours to justify this to himself by a sophism: the happiness of being beloved is denied to him, what then remains to him but the happiness of ruling. All that stands in the way of this must be removed. This envy of the enjoyment of love is so much the more natural in Richard as his brother Edward, who besides preceded him in the possession of the crown, distinguished for the nobleness and beauty of his figure, was an almost irresistable conqueror of female hearts. Notwithstanding his pretended remuneration, Richard places his chief vanity in being able to please and win over the women, if not by his figure at least by his insinuating discourse. Shakspeare here shows us, with his acuteness of observation, that human nature, even when it is altogether decided in goodness or wickedness, is still subject to petty infirmities. Richard's most favourite entertainment is to ridicule others, and he possesses satirical wit in an eminent degree. He entertains at bottom a contempt for all mankind, as he is confident of his ability to deceive them, whether they be his instruments or adversaries. In hypocrisy he is particularly fond of using religious forms, as if actuated by a desire of profaning, in the service of hell, the religion of which he had inwardly abjured the blessings.

[*The Champion, Feb.* 17.

LITERATURE.

Extract from Memorandums of a Residence in France, in the Winter of 1815—16.

(Concluded from our Paper of the 18th June.)

CLIMATE OF PARIS.

P. 332.—The climate of a country is generally estimated by the climate of its capital. Petersburgh, London, Vienna, or Lisbon, set the nominal standard of the climate of Russia, England, Germany, or Portugal; but France is an exception; in speaking of its climate and temperature, we generally bear in mind the southern departments, which gives much too favourable an impression of Paris. The cold was more intense in that city by ten or fifteen degrees than in London at the same period. I never suffered so much from it in my life, its severity must have destroyed a great number of lives, as well from the miserable want of comfort in the habits of the people, as from the poverty of the lower classes making it impossible to procure a proper supply of fuel. I saw many people rendered seriously ill from the effect of the cold brick floors on their feet. The women always have a little chafing-dish of hot embers to set their feet upon, and throwing their petticoats over it, they thus become not merely warm, but hot. Independent of the injurious effect of the carbonic acid gas thus produced, the transition from this state of warmth to the temperature of a brick-floor cooled down to ten or twelve degrees of Fahrenheit, is dangerous and not unfrequently fatal, yet they do not think it necessary to adopt the use of carpets or wooden floors. The dining-room is seldom or never used for any other purpose but to eat in, and is considered merely as a lumber-room; the stone-floor becomes therefore necessarily damp, and in the middle of winter produces the same effect as sitting with your feet on ice. I is considered effeminate and disgraceful for men to adopt the ladies mode of keeping their feet warm.

I do not wonder that the French language contains no equivalent to our word *comfort*, for really the idea never seems to enter their heads. They shrug, and shake and shiver, and pass the whole winter in wishing it over; thinking only of the summer which is to follow it; they submit patiently and heroically to all the miseries of cold weather, and subsist on the anticipation of better days, without ever attempting to make the winter more agreeable. They go to the play in the evening, very often as I have heard them acknowledge, to avoid the expence of fuel at home, and when they rise in the morning, seem to congratulate themselves that another day is over, & that they are so much nearer the end of their purgatory.

At no time does the strange incongruity in the mode of furnishing the houses appear so wretched, as in a cold damp day in the middle of winter. The contrast between the elegance of some parts of the establishment, and the comfortless nakedness of others, is very offensive.

P. 336.—It is the custom to have stoves in the dining-rooms in good houses, but fuel is so very heavy an article of expence, that they defer the commencement of fires till winter is more than half over. These stoves are often very elegant pieces of furniture, being generally coated with a kind of white porcelaine. The coffee-houses have them with copper pipes, highly polished, and in some places of fashionable resort, they are superbly ornamented; but in private-houses these stoves are more injurious than none, because they are lighted only a short time before the hour of dinner, and consequently you sit down in a warm air with a floor which feels still colder by contrast. Servants and others, who cannot obtain such accommodations even as these, adopt the wooden clogs, like small boats, which are certainly the best substitute they could use for a wooden floor, however uncouth and inconvenient to the wearer.

The great advantage of the climate of France consists in its regularity; they can make arrangements for a future day without risk of being disappointed, and this I suppose is the reason they are so partial to *fêtes champêtres*, and every species of amusement in the open air. In England we can rarely calculate on the next day even, and, therefore, we do not presume to "issue cards" for a festival in a forest; but in France parties are made several weeks in advance, to take provisions and dine under the trees in the gardens of St. Cloud, or the Bois de Boulogne.

SMUGGLING OF FRENCH MANUFACTURES.

P. 399.—My fat fellow-traveller had retired to her chamber immediately on her arrival at Calais. As my room was separated from hers only by a boarded partition, I could hear pretty plainly what took place. There seemed much agitation on the part of the good lady, and a great deal of bustle in the attendants. At last the Captain was sent for, and I concluded that she was too ill to occupy her place in his vessel, which was just on the point of setting off. I met him in the passage, and begged him to present my compliments, and offer my professional assistance. The man laughed heartily at the proposition, and replied: "*Oh Monsieur, que vous avez grand mistake—it is only little bit of shmuggle,—dat is all.*" When the lady came out equipped for her voyage, I fully comprehended the extent of the "little bit of shmuggle," she looked in the very last stage of pregnancy, with the comfortable prospect of double twins at least; her legs and arms were gouty to a shocking degree, and her *tooth ache* was so severe, that she was under the necessity of wrapping up her head and face to the size of a bushel. She made me her confidant during the voyage, and entreated me very earnestly to have a sore throat, and tie a few of her shawls round it. I however declined the proposition altogether being fully aware of the danger, and the good creature herself was only indebted to the storm for her security. The Custom-house Officers not supposing it possible for any vessel to make the harbour in such weather, had left the coast perfectly clear. On meeting the lady the following day at Dover, I offered her my sincere congratulations on her happy accouchment. She had indeed got rid of gout, dropsy and tooth-ach, at the same hour: and remarked that though we had had a very "rumbustous" voyage, it had been to her a most happy one—quoting at the same time the old adage, that "it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

DUCHESS OF ANGOULEME.

[A work has appeared purporting to be written by this Princess, on the subject of the cruel confinement of herself and her Royal relations in the Temple. We know not whether it be authentic: at least it is written with simplicity and without exaggeration. We give an extract from the end of the work, as it relates more immediately to the personal feelings of the supposed authoress.—Madame Royale is the title of the Duchess herself.]

Marie Phillipine Elizabeth-Helene, sister of Louis XVI. died on the 10th of May, 1794, at the age of thirty years. She had been, during all her life, a model of virtue. From the age of fifteen she had dedicated herself to piety, and the means of her salvation. Since 1790, when I was in a situation to appreciate her merits, I saw in her nothing but the love of God, and the horror of sin; religion, gentleness, meekness, modesty, and a devoted attachment to her family; she sacrificed her life for them, for nothing could persuade her to leave the King and Queen. She was, in short, a Princess worthy of the blood to which she belonged.

It is impossible to imagine the desolation of Madame Royale when she found herself separated from her revered companion. She did not know what had become of her, and could not learn. She passed several nights in great anxiety, but, though very uneasy, she was far from believing that her aunt's death was so near. When she considered the manner in which she had been carried off, she could not but entertain the greatest fears for her; yet she tried to persuade herself that they would only banish her from France.

Next day she inquired what had become of her aunt. The officers replied, "that she was gone to take the air," She said, "that since she was to be separated from her aunt, she hoped she would be allowed to rejoin her mother." They said they would speak about it. They then brought her the key of a press, in which Madame Elizabeth had kept her linen. She wished to send her some, as she had gone without any. They answered, that they could not permit it. To all her entreaties to see her mother, or hear of her aunt, these men always answered, that they would speak about it.

At last, seeing that all these endeavours were fruitless, and recollecting that her aunt had told her, if ever she should be left alone, to ask for a female attendant, she did so in obedience to her advice; but she did so reluctantly, for she was sure of being refused, or of having a woman as wicked as those who sent her. In fact, the municipal officers answered this request by telling her that she did not want a woman, and by redoubling their rigour towards her. They even took away her knife which had been before turned to her. They obliged her to undergo an examination about a tinder-box, of which they wanted to deprive her. Similar scenes were renewed every day, but the Princess only answered when they put direct questions to her.

The Dauphin still remained in solitude and filth. His keepers never went near him but to give him his meals. They had no compassion for this unhappy child. There was one of the guards, whose gentle manners encouraged the Princess to recommend her brother to his attention; this man ventured to complain of the severity with which the boy was treated, but he was dismissed next day.

For herself, she asked nothing but what was indispensable, and even this was often harshly refused; but she, at least, could keep herself clean. She had soap and water, and carefully swept out her room every day. She had no light; but in the long days she did not feel much this privation. They would not give her any more books; but she had some religious works and some travels, which she had read over and over. She also had her knitting, which tired her very much.

The 9th Thermidor arrived; Madame Royale heard the drums beating to arms, the tocsin ringing, and was very uneasy. The officers who were in the Temple never stirred out. When her dinner was brought she was afraid to ask what the matter was; but on the 10th Thermidor, at six o'clock in the morning, she heard a frightful noise in the Temple. The guards were calling to arms, the drums were rolling, and doors opening and shutting with violence. All this tumult was, it seems, occasioned by a visit of some members of the National Assembly (the Convention), who came to see that all was quiet. She heard the doors of her brothers room open; she then got up, and was already dressed, by the time the deputies came to her room. There were Barras and several others; they were in their official full dress, which surprised the Princess, who was not accustomed to see them so fine. Barras called her by her name, and was surprised to find her up. They soon went away; and she heard them haranguing the guards under the windows, and exhorting them to be faithful to the National Convention. There were great shouts of *Vive la République! Vive la Convention!* The guard was doubled, and the three municipal officers, who were in the Temple, remained there eight days. In the evening of the third day, about half past nine, as she was lying in bed, because she had no light, but not able to sleep from anxiety as to what was going on, they knocked at her door, to introduce her to Laurent, the commissioner appointed by the Convention for the custody of herself and her brother.

Next Morning, at ten o'clock, Laurent came into her room, and inquired politely whether she wanted any thing. He always visited her three times a day, but behaved with civility; and in addressing her, he died not *thee and thou* (*tutoyer*) her. He never searched the drawers, nor other pieces of furniture.

At the end of three days, the convention sent a deputation to ascertain the situation of the Dauphin. The members were struck with pity at the state in which they found him, and directed that he should be better treated. Laurent got him a clean bed, the old being filled with bugs and vermin: he made him bathe himself, and cleansed him from the filth with which he was covered. However, they still left him alone.

The Princess asked Laurent after her mother and aunt, of whose deaths she was still ignorant. He replied with an air of concern, that her inquiries should not be addressed to him.

Next day came some men in scarfs, to whom she repeated the same question, and they gave the same answer. They added, that they did not see why she should wish, to be released, as she seemed to be very comfortable. "It is dreadful," she replied, "to be separated for more then a year from one's mother, without even hearing what is become of her, or of her sister."—"You are not ill?"—"No, Sir, but the cruellest illness is that of the heart."—"I tell you again that we can do nothing for you; but I advise you to be patient, and submit to the justice and goodness of the French people."

"The misfortunes of the Stuart family terminated in the safety of these kingdoms: but God forbid we should insult the ashes of the dead, or the distresses of the living, by a minute investigation of their errors in government; especially, as it is not probable that the subversion of the constitution will ever again be attempted by the same means which they used. There are in truth, other means less obvious, but more dangerous, by which as arbitrary a system of government may, in some future period, be established among us, as already prevails in most of the States of Europe; we hope and trust this period is at a great distance; but the following reflections will not suffer us to entertain a doubt of the possibility at least of its future existence; it is possible then, that the very small part of the subjects of this mighty empire, with which the right of electing a representation for the whole is at present lodged, may become so corrupted and abandoned in their choice, as to elevate to that high distinction, men of arbitrary principles, or of flagitious lives, and strangers to all principle; or of ruined fortunes, and fitted for every species of political prostitution: it is possible that a majority of such a representation may betray their trust, and may sacrifice their honour to their interests—may become poor through luxury, and profligate through poverty. It is possible, that a system of reciprocal corruption may take place between a bad Minister and such a venal representation; that he may bribe them with the public money, and that they may profusely grant him the public money in order to share in the plunder of the people. It is possible that, from an increase of commerce, and an extension of empire, the influence of the crown may be so far enlarged as to enable any minister to lay an undue bias upon the judgment of individuals in both Houses of Parliament, by distributing among them either private pensions, or lucrative employments of public trust; fear may compel some, gratitude may induce others, if not to support, at least to acquiesce in measures which they do not approve; and an interested expectation may operate generally to the same end. It is possible, lastly, that the bulk of the people, mistaking forms and shadows of the constitution for its substance and reality, may not be sensible of their danger, till they are borne down to the earth under the pressure of taxes; may not be roused from their lethargy till they are fretted and galled by the chains of slavery: then, however, at last, we are persuaded, they will not degenerate from the blood of their ancestors, but with united hands and hearts drag forth to condign punishment the most pestilent of all traitors—the traitors against the constitution and common safety."—Sermons and Tracts, by R. Watson, D. D. F. R. S., Lord Bishop of Landaff, 1788, 8vo p. 68.

Sir Sidney Smith.—The present of the key of a dungeon at Algiers, said to have been sent by the Pope to Sir Sidney Smith at Paris, turns out to be a hoax. A private letter states, that at two o'clock in the morning, a courier arrived almost breathless at his hotel. He was awakened, and gave an autograph receipt for dispatches remitted to him by a messenger wearing the uniform of the Holy See. They contained a large pair of rusty hinges, and an enormous key, with a letter from Cardinal Gonzalvi, "felicitating the Chevalier, in the name and by the order of his Holiness, on the success of his long and persevering efforts in abolishing the odious slavery of the Christians, and assured him, that though another eminent Chieftain was the immediate instrument of this important measure, yet that no Roman could forget to whom, in fact, belonged the real merit of the plan, if not of its execution." To this dispatch was added a letter from one of the emancipated slaves, in rapturous terms of gratitude, and subscribed "*Il Giacoma schiavo infelice.* Warmly agitated by such a flattering distinction (continues the writer of the letter) Sir Sidney ordered his horses to his carriage, and apprised the Duke de Richelieu of the news. The Duke was far from perceiving any perfidy, and instantly apprised his Majesty of it, who remarked, "*Il y a quelque chose de louche la dedans.*"—An Italian Ambassador after reading the original, discovered idioms not Italian in the letter:—It is astonishing that the French devisers of such tricks should not for a moment suppose, that other people will discover here another instance of mean malignity, or rather perhaps of their inveterate love of that slavery in which they wish all nations to exist, because it is under it alone that they themselves can live in quiet.

Dogs of St. Bernard.—A German almanack, recently published, contains some details concerning the dog named Barry, one of the predecessors of those who lately perished amidst the snow of the Great St. Bernard. This intelligent animal served the Hospital of that mountain for the space of twelve years, during which time he saved the lives of forty individuals. His zeal was indefatigable. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking, until he lost breath, and would frequently venture on the most perilous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed with cold, he would run back to the hospital in search of the monks. One day, this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state, between the bridge of Dronaz and the ice-house of Balsora; he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, by means of his caresses he induced the child to tye himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor little creature, as if in triumph, to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the Convent pensioned him at Berne, by way of reward. He is now dead, and his body is stuffed and deposited in the Museum of that town. The little phial, in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed traveller whom he found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck.

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